



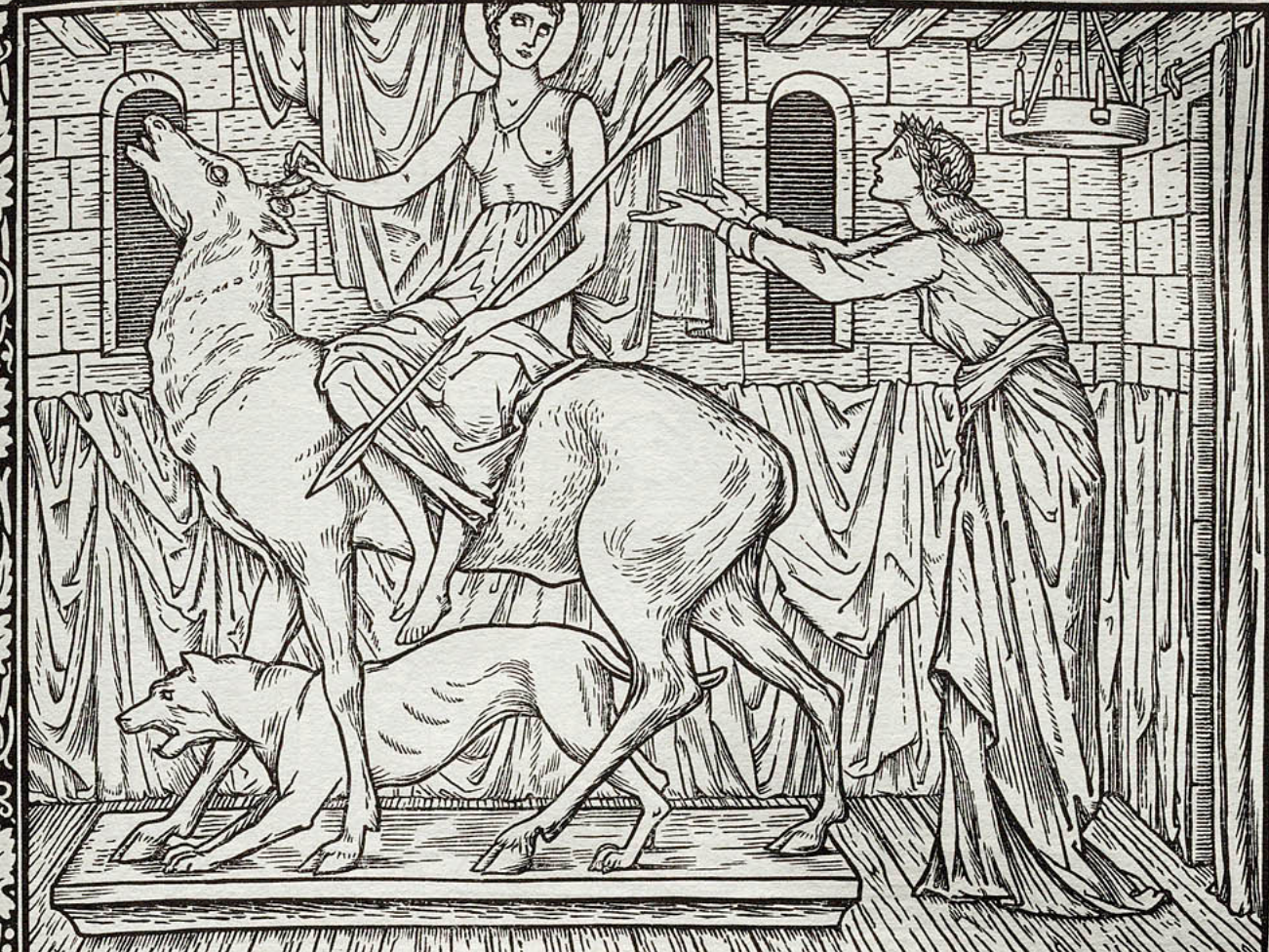
Two fyres on the auter gan she beete,
And dide hir thynges, as men may biholde
In Stace of Thebes, and thise bookes olde.
Whan kyndled was the fyr, with pitous cheere,
Unto Dyane she spak, as ye may heere.

CHASTE goddess of
the wodes grene,
To whom bothe hevene
and erthe & see is sene,
Queene of the regne of
Pluto derk and lowe,
Goddess of maydens,
that myn herte hast
knowe

woost what I desire,
As keepe me fro thy vengeance and thyn ire,
That Attheon aboughte cruelly.
Chaste goddess, wel wostow that I
Desire to ben a mayden al my lyf,
Ne nevere wol I be no love, ne wyf.
I am, thou woost, yet of thy compaignye
A mayde, and love huntynge and venerye,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And noght to ben a wyf and be with childe;
Noght wol I knowe the compaignye of man.
Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and kan,
for tho thre formes that thou hast in thee.

And Palamon, that hast swich love to me,
And eek Arcite, that loveth me so soore,
This grace I prey the withoute moore,
As sende love and pees bitwixe hem two,
And fro me turne away hir hertes so,
That al hire hoot love and hir desir,
And al hir bisy torment and hir fir,
Be queynt, or turned in another place.
And if so be thou wolt do me no grace,
Or if my destynce be shapen so
That I shal nedes have oon of hem two,
As sende me hym that moost desirith me.
Bihoold, goddess of clene chastitee,
The bittre teeres that on my chekes falle.
Syn thou art mayde, and kepere of us alle,
My maydenhede thou kepe and wel conserve,
And whil I lyve a mayde, I wol thee serve.

THE fyres brenne upon the auter cleere;
Whil Emelye was thus in hir preyere;
But sodeynly she saugh a sighte
queynte,
for right anon, oon of the fyres queynte
And quyked agayn, and after that, anon
That oother fyr was queynt, and al agon,
And as it queynte it made a whistelynge,
As doon thise wete brondes in hir brennyng;
And at the brondes ende out ran anon
As it were bloody drops many oon;



for which so soore agast was Emelye,
That she was wel ny mad, and gan to crye,
for she ne wiste what it signified;
But oonly for the feere thus hath she cried,
And wepe, that it was pitee for to heere.
And therewithal Dyane gan appeere,
With bowe in honde, right as an huntresse,
And seyde, Doghter, stynt thyn hevynesse.
Among the goddes hye it is affermed,
And by eterne word writt and confermed,
Thou shalt ben wedded unto oon of tho
That han for thee so muchel care and wo;
But unto which of hem I may nat telle.
farwel, for I ne may no lenger dwelle.
The fyres whiche that on myn auter brenne
Shulle thee declaren, er that thou go henne,
Thyn aventure of love, as in this caas.

AND with that word the arwes in the caas
Of the goddesse clateren faste & ryng,
And forth she wente, and made a van-
yschyng;
for which this Emelye astoned was,
And seyde, What amounteth this, alas!
I putte me in thy proteccioun,
Dyane, and in thy disposicioun.
And boom she goth anon the nexte weye.
This is the effect, ther is namore to seye.

THE nexte houre of Mars folwynge this,
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierse Mars, to doon his sacrificie,
With alle the rytes of his payen wyse.
With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,
Right thus to Mars he seyde his orisoun:

STRONGE god, that
in the regnes colde
Of Trace honoured art
and lord yholde,
And hast in every regne
and every lond
Of armes al the brydel
in thyn hond,
And hem fortunest as
thee lyst devyse,

Accepte of me my pitous sacrificie.
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my myght be worthy for to serve
Thy godhede, that I may ben oon of thyne,
Thanne prey I thee to rewe upon my pyne,
for thilke peyne, and thilke hoot fir,
In which thou whilom brendest for desir,
Whan that thou usedeste the beautee
Of faire, yonge, fresshe Venus free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille,
Although thee ones on a tyme mysfille.